

And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours
Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.

Alb. How farre your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

Con. Nay then —

Alb. Well, well, the uent.

Exitus

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters;
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore
you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered
your Letter. Exit.

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in
danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go
slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an
Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell Boy?

Foole. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a
Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose stands i'th' middle
on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose,
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail ha's
a house.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his
daughters, and leaue his homes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be
my Horses ready?

Foole. Thy Asses are gone about 'em; the reason why
the seven Starres are no mo then seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nuncle, I'd haue thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou should'st not haue bin old, till thou had'st
bin wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heaven;
keepe me in temper; I would not be mad. How now are
the Horses ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.
Exitus.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, generally.

Bast. Saue thee *Curan*.

Cur. And your Sir, I haue bin
With your Father, and giuen him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse
Will be here with him this night.

Bast. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-
broad, I meane the whispe'd ones, for they are yet but
ear-kissing arguments.

Bast. Not; pray you what are they?

Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

Bast. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir.

Exit.

Bast. The Duke be here to night? The better best,
This weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse,
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queazie question
Which I must ask, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke,

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, discend; Brother I say,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?
Hee's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,
And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said
Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?
Aduise your selfe.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Bast. I heare my Father coming, pardon me;
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.

Yield, come before my Father, light hie, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeaour. I haue seene drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone
To stand auspicious Mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

Bast. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.

Glo. Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?

Bast. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship,
But

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his vnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprovidd body, larch'd mine arme;
And when he saw my best alarm'd spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noyse I made,
Full sodainly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly farre:

Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall deserue our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceales him death.

Bast. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the repofall
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits
To make thee seeke it.

Tucket within.

Glo. O strange and fastned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, said he?
Harke, the Dukes Truumpets, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,
The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May haue due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangenesse.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender; how dost my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?

Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Bast. Yes Madam, he was of that comfort.

Reg. No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,

To haue th' expence and wast of his Reuenues:
I haue this present euening from my Sister
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,

Ile not be there.

Cor. Nor I, assure thee *Regan*;

Edmund,

A Child-

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Glo.

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